

## SPLENDID OUTLOOK FOR CROPS IN WESTERN CANADA

RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM  
THE GRAIN FIELDS SHOW  
THAT THE PROSPECTS  
ARE GOOD.

This is the time of year when considerable anxiety is felt in all the northern agricultural districts as to the probable outcome of the growing crops. Central Canada, comprising the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, with their 16,000,000 acres of wheat, oats, barley and flax, of which 6,000,000 acres may be said to be sown to wheat alone, has become a great factor in the grain markets of the world. Besides this, government returns show that every state in the Union has representatives in these provinces, and naturally the friends of these representatives are anxious to hear of their success. It has never been said of that country that it is absolutely faultless. There are, and have been, districts that have experienced the vagaries of the weather, the same as in districts south of the boundary line between the two countries, but these are only such as are to be expected in any agricultural country. The past has proven that the agricultural possibilities of this portion of Canada are probably more attractive in every way than most countries where grain raising is the chief industry. The present year promises to be even better than past years, and in a month or six weeks it is felt there will be produced the evidence that warrants the enthusiasm of the present. Then these great broad acres will have the ripened wheat, oats, barley and flax, and the farmer, who has been looking forward to making his last payment on his big farm will be satisfied. At the time of writing, all crops give the promise of reaching the most sanguine expectations.

In the central portion of Alberta, it is said that crop conditions are more favorable than in any previous year. Heavy rains recently visited this part, and the whole of this grain growing section has been covered. Reports like the following come from all parts:

"Splendid heavy rain yesterday. Crops forging ahead. Great prospects. All grain more than a week ahead of last year. Weather warm last week. Good rains last night."

From southern Alberta the reports to hand indicate sufficient rain. Crops in excellent condition. Labor scarce. Throughout Saskatchewan all grains are looking well, and there has been sufficient rain to carry them through to harvest.

From all portions of Manitoba there comes an assurance of an abundant yield of all grains. Throughout southern Manitoba, where rain was needed a few weeks ago, there has lately been abundant precipitation, and that portion of the province will in all probability have a crop to equal the best anticipations. A large quantity of grain was sown on the stubble in the newer west, which is never a satisfactory method of farming, and may reduce the general average.

Taken altogether, the country is now fully two weeks in advance of last year, and in all grains the acreages sown are much larger than in 1911. This means that with auspicious weather the west will have the grandest harvest in its history. Two hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat has been mentioned as an estimate of the present growing crop, and it looks now as if that guess will be none too large.

When He Can't Be Overlooked.  
Somehow or other we never take much notice of the coming man till he gets there.

The Cheerful Color.  
Gabe—Do you ever get the blues?  
Steve—Not if I have the long green.

People who are thrifty are apt to get a reputation for being stingy.

## Sioux City Directory

"Hub of the Northwest."

## GOING TO BUILD?

THE LITTLE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY, Sioux City, Iowa, has built from buildings, churches, schools, houses and large residences erected every where.

## ELECTRICITY AND LIGHT

purpose on the farm. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ask your local gas engine dealer or write ELECTRIC ENGINEERING CO., 210 Douglas Street, Sioux City, Ia.

## JOHN J. KEEFE CO.

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## SEWING MACHINES

NEWLY MANUFACTURING COMPANY. MACHINERY DOCTORS. Sewing Machines, Gasoline Engines, Automobiles, Street Cars, etc. 418 WATER STREET, SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

## You Get Value Received When You Buy

TRILBY SOAP. The kind with the YELLOW BAND. Sold by all grocers, the bands are valuable.

## RICHARD WEBBER

CASH BUYER OF POULTRY. Stock Yards, Sioux City, Ia.

## Electric Light Plants

for farms and towns. All kinds of electric fixtures and supplies. Electric Supply Co., 525 5th, Sioux City, Ia.

## IT DIDN'T HURT A BIT

Painless guaranteed dentistry by specialists. Gold crowns, bridges, etc. 418 Water Street, Sioux City, Ia.

## THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER. Illustrations by D. MELVILLE.

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## SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is held in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and the history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Hol Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy. Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy keeps Hannibal, Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill when Hannibal is kidnapped by Lavagumout, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Bladen, gives him a thrashing and secures the Barony. Yancy appears before Squire Salaman, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Murrell, a friend of the Barony, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear. With Murrell on the trail, Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price. The judge recognizes the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain. Hannibal's wife discloses some startling things to the judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. He is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dreamless sleep on board the raft. Judge Price starts a discussion in looking up his old time friend, Charlie Norton, a young planter, who assists the judge. He mysteriously assisted. Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him.

## (CHAPTER XIV—Continued.)

The stranger, his business concluded, swung about on his heel and quitted the office. Mr. Saul, bending above his desk, was making an entry in one of his ledgers. The judge shuttled to his side.

"Who was that man?" he asked thickly, resting a shaking hand on the clerk's arm.

"That—oh, that was Colonel Fentress. I was just telling you about."

"Has he always lived here?"

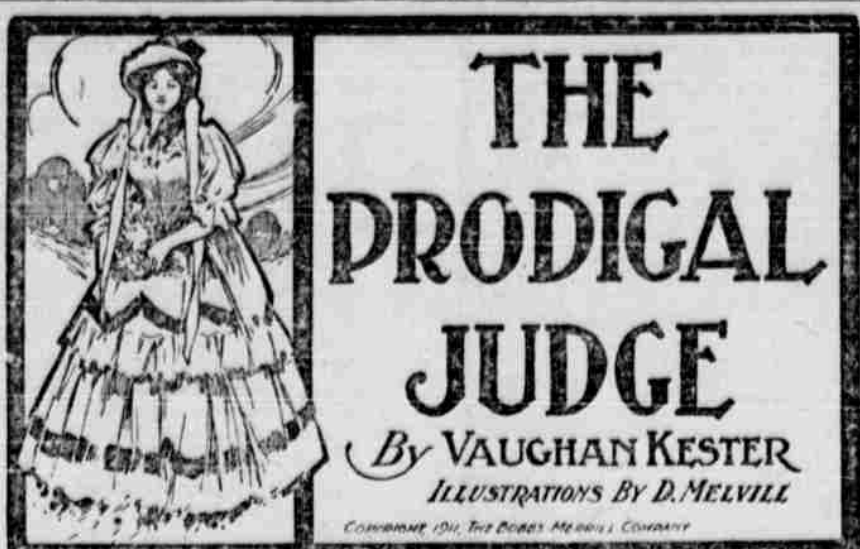
"No; he came into the county about ten years ago, and bought a place called The Oaks."

"Has he a family?" The judge appeared to be having difficulty with his speech.

"Not that anybody knows of. Some say he's a widower, others again say he's an old bachelor; but he don't say nothing. The colonel's got his friends, to be sure, but he don't mix much with the real quality. One of his particular intimates is a gentleman by the name of Murrell."

The judge nodded. "I've met him," he said briefly.

Acting on a sudden impulse, the judge muttered something about returning later, and hastily quitted the office.



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sists on that. "Everything is to be kept a secret until we are actually married; it's her wish."

"It's to be soon, then?" Carrington asked, still haltingly.

"Very soon."

There was a brief silence. Carrington, with face averted, looked from the window.

"I am going to stay here as long as you need me," he presently said. "Miss Malroy asked me to, and then I am going back to the river, where I belong."

Betty ate supper with big Steve standing behind her chair and little Steve balancing himself first on one foot and then on the other near the door.

The long French windows, their curtains drawn, stood open. She wandered down to the terrace. There was the sound of a step on the path. Betty turned. It was Carrington who stood before her, his face haggard. Without a word he stepped to her side and took her hands rather roughly.

"What am I to do without you?" his voice was almost a whisper. "What is this thing you have done?" Betty's heart was beating with dull sickening throbs.

"If you had only come!" she moaned. "Now I am going to be married tomorrow. I am to meet him at the Spring Bank church at ten o'clock."

"How can I give you up?" he said, his voice hoarse with emotion. He put her from him almost roughly, and leaning against the trunk of a tree buried his face in his hands. Betty watched him for a moment in wretched silence.

"It's good-by," he muttered. "He went to him, and as he bent above her, slipped her arms about his neck."

"Kiss me!" she breathed. He kissed her hair, her soft cheek, then their lips met.

Another hot September sun was beating upon the earth as Betty galloped down the lane and swung her horse's head in the direction of Raleigh. She would keep her promise to Charlie and he should never know what his happiness had cost her.

Norton joined her before she had covered a third of the distance that separated the two plantations.

"We are to go to the church. Mr. Bowen will be there; I arranged with him last night; he will drive over with his wife and daughter, who will be our witnesses, dear."

Afterward Betty could remember standing before the church in the fierce morning light; she heard Mr. Bowen's voice, she heard Charlie's voice, she heard another voice—her own, though she scarcely recognized it.

"I'll tie the horses, Betty," said Norton. He had reached the edge of the

oaks when from the silent depths of the denser woods came the sharp report of a rifle. The shock of the bullet sent the young fellow staggering back among the mossy and myrtle-covered graves.

For a moment no one grasped what had happened, only there was Norton who seemed to grope strangely among the graves. He had fallen now. Even

as the shadows deepened he was that Betty was coming swiftly toward him.

"I'm shot—" he said, speaking with difficulty.

"Charlie—Charlie—" she moaned, slipping her arms about him and gathering him to her breast. He looked up into her face.

"It's all over—" he said, but as much in wonder as in fear. "But I knew you could come to me—dear—" he added in a whisper.

She felt a shudder pass through him. He did not speak again.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Judge Offers a Reward.

The news of Charlie Norton's murder spread quickly over the county. For two or three days bands of armed men scoured the woods and roads, and then this activity quite unproductive of any tangible results ceased. Matters were allowed to rest with the constituted authorities, namely Mr. Betts, the sheriff, and his deputies.

No private citizen had shown greater zeal than Judge Slocum Price. One morning he found under his door a folded paper:

"You talk too much. Shut up, or you'll go where Norton went."

A few moments later he burst in on Mr. Saul.

"Glance at that, my friend!" he cried, as he tossed the paper on the clerk's desk. "What do you make of it, sir?"

"Well, I'd keep still."

The judge laughed derisively as he bowed himself out.

He established himself in his office. He had scarcely done so when Mr. Betts knocked at the door. The sheriff came direct from Mr. Saul and arrived out of breath, but the letter was not mentioned by the judge. He spoke of the crops, the chance of rain, and the intricacies of county politics. The sheriff withdrew mystified, wondering why it was he had not felt at liberty to broach the subject which was uppermost in his mind.

His place was taken by Mr. Pegloe and on the heels of the tavern-keeper came Mr. Bowen. Judge Price received them with condescension, but back of the condescension was an air of reserve that did not invite questions. The judge discussed the extension of the national roads with Mr. Pegloe, and the religion of the Persian fire-worshippers with Mr. Bowen; he permitted never a pause and they retired as the sheriff had done without sight of the letter.

The judge's office became a perfect Mecca for the idle and the curious, and while he overflowed with high-bred courtesy he had never seemed so unapproachable—never so remote from matters of local and contemporary interest.

"Why don't you show 'em the letter?" demanded Mr. Mahaffy, when they were alone. "Can't you see they are suffering for a sight of it?"

"I'll tie the horses, Betty," said Norton. He had reached the edge of the

oaks when from the silent depths of the denser woods came the sharp report of a rifle. The shock of the bullet sent the young fellow staggering back among the mossy and myrtle-covered graves.

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Two Enough for Her.

He was a small boy with a dark, eager face and he was waiting at the end of the line of eight or ten persons for a chance to make his wants known to the librarian. When his turn came he inquired briefly: "Have you got 'Twenty Thousand Legs Under the Sea'?"

"No," responded the librarian a little snappily, for she was tired. "I'm thankful to say I've only got two. They're not under the sea!"

Persuasion.

"What made Mr. Chuggins buy an automobile?"

"His wife persuaded him by calling his attention to the economy of having gasoline on hand to clean gloves with."—Washington Star.

The Writer Who Does Most.

That writer does the most who gives his reader the most knowledge and takes from him the least time.—C. C. Colton.

A girl may not marry the best man at her own wedding, but she should try to make the best of the man she marries.

FOR Luncheon—or picnic sandwiches, nothing equals Libby's Veal Loaf.

Or, serve it cold with crisp new lettuce. It is a tasty treat and economical as well. At All Grocers Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

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MADE BIG PROFIT FOR STATE

Purely Business Argument for the Establishment of Sanatoriums for the Tuberculous.

According to figures contained in the annual report of Dr. H. L. Barnes, superintendent of the Rhode Island state sanatorium, the earnings of the patients of that institution during the year 1911 would amount to over \$286,000. This is a sum three times as large as that spent each year for maintenance of the institution, including four per cent. interest and depreciation charges.

The actual earnings in 1911 of 170 ex-patients were obtained by Dr. Barnes. These ranged from \$2 to \$31 per week, the total earnings for the year amounting to \$102,752. On this basis, Dr. Barnes computes the figures above given. He says, however: "While